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## DIX & CO., REAL ESTATE AGENTS.

Arkansas City, Kansas.

Office Corner Summit and Fifth, over Mattack's Store.

## FOR SALE.

Improved and Unimproved City Property on the best improved streets in the city Lots on the inside on street car lines and in outside additions. Suburban lots on the eas side in Maple Grove addition.

Business lots and business blocks for salat special bargains. Several fine tracts nea the city for sub-dividing and plating.

Improved farms and grass lands in al parts of the county; also ranches in this and adjoining counties.

All parties wishing to buy would do well to call and examine my list before buying elsewhere.

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The Oldest Real estate Agency in Wichita.

# Paints!Paints!Paints|Flagstone

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A complete stock of Painters, Grainers, Coach Painters and Whitners Materials. A full line of Fine English and American Varnishes.

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313 NOR'TH MAIN ST.

## YIKE'S ADDITION TO WICHITA

This beautiful tract of ground, comprising 500 choice lots, lies upon the West Side. Joining Glendale upon the south and extends from Seneca street to Arkansas river. The extensive shoe and leather works are just beyond this addition. These lots are wholy within the charmed circle marked by the mile and one-half limit, not over ten minutes walk from Douglas avenue, and the Princess Motor Line on two sides. Prices lower and terms better than any property of equal value in the city. Enquire of

FRANK SIGER, ON THE PREMISES, OR TUCKER & JACKSON, 228 E Douglas Ave.

# Archer Electric Manufacturing Co.

No. 321 West Douglas Ave.

CAPITAL 60.000.00 DOLLARS. N. A. ENGLISH, Pres. J. O. DAVIDSON, Tress. E. A. HUTCHINS, Sec.

Manufacturers of and dealers in Batteries and Instruments, Electric Motors, Electric cells, annunciators, speaking tubes, physicians batteries and instruments. Hotels and private residences furnished with electric bells or speaking tubes. A full line of electric supplies. Repairing of every description. Nickle and sliver plating. First-class work work in every department at lowest posible rates. Get our prices before giving out your work.

# WICHITA NATIONAL BANK.

Successors to Wichita Bank, Organized 1872.

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A. W. OLIVER, M. W. LEVY, R. T. TUTTLE, N. F. NIEDERLANS II.

DO A GENERAL BANKING. COLLECTING AND BROKERAGE BUSINESS.

Enstern and Foreign exchange bought and sold. U. S. Bonds of all d. nominations bought and sold. County, Township and Municipal Bonds bought.

# NEW YEAR'S GIFT

### A Lady's Fine Loop Front Phaeton VALUED AT \$225.

We believe that since January 1st we have sold as many Buggles, Carriages, &c., as any two houses in Kansas, and propose to round up the year with a valuable present to some one of our customers. We have great faith in our city and expect to keep to the front with the Finest Line of Spring Work in the State: We have just received a shipment of fine Studebaker, Newton and Favorite work also a stock of B Grade work, bought lower than ever before which we can and will sell lower than Kansas City prices. Do you intend buying a Carriage, Surrey, Phaeton, Buggy or any kind or a wagon? It so we will make it to your interest to buy of us. We value your patronage and warrant every job we sell. Come get a new buggy and secure a chance for the finest present ever given to the people of Wichita. Remember the place,

BEACON BLOCK, 123 NORTH MARKET STREET.

Alexander - & - Rahn

Wholesale and retail dealer in all kinds of

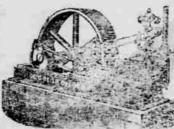
Anthracite and Bituminous Coal And all kinds of building material. Main office 112 & 4th Ave. Branch office 133 N. Main. Yards connected with all railroads in the city.

# Wichita: Merchantile: Co., Wholesale Grocers.

213, 215, 217, 219 and 221 South Market St.

B. H. RICHARDS, S. ROOT, R. E. ROOT, GEO. W. BURGHAM.

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Manufacturer of Mining Machinery, Steam Engines, Horse Powers, Mill Gearing, Shafting, Pulleys, Atc Dealer in Steam Pipe, Brass Goods, Iron Reofing, Gum and Hemp Packing, Hay and Platform Scales, Reliance Alarm Gages and Water Colums, Inspirators, Injectors, Jet Pumps and Steam Pumps, Leather and Rubber Belting, Steam Packing Wire Rope, Architectural Iron Work a Specialty, Columns, Linnels Iron, House Fronts in any de-

tels, Girders, I Beams. T and Angle Iron. House Fronts in any design, Hog Chains, Anchors, Bolts, Heavy Forging and Bridge Work to order. Boiler Department—Make all kinds of Boilers, Smoke Stacks, Tanks, Jail Work, Iron Doors and Shutters, Bank Vaults and Doors, Iron Grating, all kinds of heavy and light Sheet Iron Work to order, boiler makers supplies in stock, estimates made in all classes of work and orders promptly attended to.

GLOBE IRON WORKS.

# Sidewalks.

The Flagstone From the Bandera Quarry is now Recognized as the Most Durable Store for Sidewalks.

It Does Not Scale!

It Does Not Crack! ITS QUALITY IS UNAFFECTED BY HEAT OR FROST!

Unlike any Other Stone, Either Natural or Artifical, its Appearance Improves With Age.

### IT IS ECONOMICAL!

Estimates Given on Coping, Curbing, Vault Covers, Tiling and ALL KINDS OF SIDEWALKS.

# Davidson Investment Comp'ny

PAID-UP CAPITAL, \$300,000.

DIRECTORS JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, A. KNIGHT, CHAR G. WOOD, C. A. WALKEL, M. C. ENIGHT JOHN E SANFORD, W. T. HABCOCK, W. E. STANLEY, J. O. DAVIGSON,

\$5,000,000 Loaned in Southern Kansas. Money Always at Hand for Improved Farm and City Loans.

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WICHITA, KANSAS



# HOTEL GANDOLF

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EUROPEAN PLAN. :: \* EVERYTHING NE

BEADQUARTERS POP COMMERCIAL MEN

Western Branch Office Mosler Safe and Lock Co. Improved Fire and Burglar

Vaults and Time Locks.

-144 Main St .-CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

ROBLER BOWES & CO. J. P. GILLEN, Name of The little of The



### Goods JOHN G. ALLEN

Is now receiving a general assortment of New Dry Goods, Genta Furnishing Goods, Etc., which he is offering at

RETAIL AT REDUCED PRICES

And respectfully solicits the examination of purchas he is prepared to offer special bargains. Also retion of merchants to his wholesale stock, which

oth felt that it would never pass away.

And now, when music in the dusk was done
King Love had all the stars for diadem.

—W. Allingham in Longman's Magazina.

UNCLE DAN'L'S STORY.

Original Story by Richard Buckner Allen.

I was lost. I gave up hope and reined in my horse after a final and fruitless search for the government "round stumps" which point out to the belated traveler the "big road." Already I beard the faint bark of hungry wolves, driven to the ridges from the depths of the cypress brakes by overflow; the shrill, human like wails of "cats." and the tip, tip, tipping of timid deer. Listening intently, I endeavored to catch some sound of civilization, some tone of deep mouthed hound, or conch, melodiously summoning the laborers from the cotton fields, by which to guide me through the intricate mazes of the forest. Early that morning I started from a small village on the banks of the Mississippi river to go to the "Garland Place," as the plantation was called by the natives of the county. It was about twenty miles from the village and on the waters of Bayou Bartholemew, a tortuous, turgid stream. Refusing all the kindly profered offers of company and a guide, I started alone. Faintly echoing amid the dismal depths, musical as the call of a bugle over waters, soft as the tone of distant chimes, I heard the mellow notes of a human voice. Nearer, nearer still the sounds came. I heaved a grateful sich of which. heared the means whoses of a human voice. Nearer, nearer still the sounds came. I heaved a grateful sigh of relief. Finally I could hear and distinguish the words of an old negro hymn. Uncultured, untaught, untrained as that voice was, it thrilled me as never did the tenor of Campanini or

Go down, Moses, 'way down in Egypt's ian', Tell ole Pha-ry-oh ter let my people go, rolled out the tuneful voice, ending each verse with a peculiar, upward glide from the rich barytone to a high falsetto note, common to nearly every negro voice in song. old negro rode toward me and said: "Good eb'nin, boss."

"Good evening, uncle. Can you tell me how to reach the Garland place! I fear I am lost," I answered.
"I kin dat, fur a fack. I lib on de

an' I'me g'wine dar dis hyar minnit. Dis woods am a bad place ter git los' in, boss. Hit's pow'de 'ceivin'. You better keep clos' ter dis ole mule's tail, 'case de slashes am

ter dis ole mule's tail, 'case de siashes am mighty deep in dese hyar woods an' 'foh you know hit, kerflop! you git in dem."

Then clutching to his mule and kicking her bony sides vigorously, he started. I followed him silently, keeping close "to dis ole mule's tail," according to my instructions. For probably an hour we wound among the trees, now on "a ridge," now in "a slash." We finally gained the "op'nin," as my leader called it, and the shadow of the forest ended. Then we rode out from its gloom. Then I saw his broad, jovial, black face. A 'possum skin cap, a woolen cont, a blue checked cotskin cap, a woolen coat, a blue checked cot-ton shirt and a nondescript pair of trousers stack into rawhide boots completed his cos-tume. He rode a large, gaunt old mule whose age must have been forgotten. We reached a gate that opened into the wide cot-ton fields. Far in front of us stood a broad, rambling, white frame house with wide ve-randas or "galleries." White and desolate it looked that night, a ghost of former grandeur. No lights were there at the windows, no ruddy glow of wood fires gleamed through the closed lattices. No sounds issued from or around it, such as are wont to from a home.

asked my companion.

"Dat dar wuz his'n oncest, boss. Dar ain't no Garlan's now, sah." He turned to me as be said this, and his face was troubled, his voice grew sad and pathetic.

"Does no one live on that handsome placef"
"Noh, sah, dar ain't been nobody in dat
house for nigh onter fifteen years. Me
an' my ole 'coman libs in de little cabin an' my ole coman his in de little cabin down yander. 'Vinie an' me bof Garlan' niggers. I b'longed to Massa Jim Garlan' foh de wah an' I b'longs ter him yit." His voice touched me, interested and aroused my

euriosity.
"What is your name, uncle?" "Dan'l, boss."
"Well, Daniel, I want to see this plants-

tion to-morrow, and if you can give me a place to stay over night I shall not only thank but pay you."
"Course I kin. I'll git 'Vinie ter fix up a

room in de big house fur you. I donn' want no pay. Marse Garlan' he turn ober in his grabe of he wuz ter know anybody paid ter stay on dis place."

"Thank you; I accept your kindness," I said aloud, "and also your rebuke," I thought "Yes, sah, 'Vinie, dat's my wife, sah; she 'ill hab a good place fur you, too. De house jes' es hit wuz years an' years ago. She 'ill jes' air de sheets an' blankets, an' den, dar

you iz all fixes up."

By this time we had traversed the wide fields, shirted the houseyard fence and came to a halt before a little cypress log cabin in the rear of the mansion which looked so big, white and ghostly in the moonlight. The door latch of the cabin was lifted at our approach, and intuitively I guess that was "Vinio" who welcomed me. Tirod, sore and stiff from being so long in the saddle, bow welcome, how sning did the interior of that little cabin look to me. "Aunt Vinie" bustled about "gettin' supper," Daniel took my horse. I sat down to supper, consisting of coffee, "brazed duck," corn cakes and sweet potatoes, while the old couple waited on me, pressing me to eat more. Vitellius at his table group every quarter of the then known world, never supped as regally as I on that night. When supper was over and "Aunt Vinie" had left the cabin to go over to the big house to arrange for my accommodation for the night, I lighted my cigar and taking a comfortable chair asked Dr. led to tell mo the story of the

Daniel, sitting in the corner of the wide, deep, open fireplace, in which blazed and crackled a huge pile of logs, in answer to my request, slowly took out a pair of iron bound "specs," carefully wiped them with a huge bandana kerchief, and thus began a tale that was tender and pathetic.
"Hits er mighty long one, boss, an' I ain't

"Him er mignly long one, loss, an I ain't sed nuffin ter enyhody bout de doin's ob dis hyar bi-ob place" (he pronounced 'bayou' thus "fer er many er long day. I wur bawhn on dis place an' Marse Garlan', he owned Vinie an' me bot. I 'tended de houses an' druv de carr-y-age, an' Vinie, she wur ole missus' house gal. Ole marse he had two chillers, Miss 'Ouise an' little Marse John. Den ole marse's nefew, er orphan, he lived hyar too. Ole marse's sister, up ter Memphis, she tuk'n died an' lef' die boy ter him. He wur de hansomes' chile, his h'ar

sap his little sister better. I seen dat boy slap his sister oncest in de face an' Marse Regie jumped right on his back an' done gin him er pow'fle bastin'. Bress your heart! dem chillern jes' growed up right 'round dis cab'n doh. I used ter keep dem boys frum fitten many a time, case Marse John allers rillin' Miss 'Onise an' Marse Regie, he allers tuk up fer her. Den dar wuz er little gal frum de nex' place dat wuz wid 'em all de day long. She wuz Miss Florie Lecour. She wuz de prettient little gal in all dis op'nin. Bof dem boys resked deir necks duzen times er day fur dat little chile. Miss Florie she'd larf an' sing an' darnose de whole day frew. An' ef she'd say so dem two boys 'ud clime de hi'est trees arter squir'ls or git on de wildes' hosses on de place. An' ef dey didn't do what she done tole 'em ter do, she'd jes' stomp her fittle feet an' dem gray eyes ob hers 'd jes' sparkle an' darnos like dat fire dar, an' git jes' like de bioh do when de sun gita down behin' de treex. An' when dey done hit, she'd jes' smile an' show dem sharp teeth ob hers in er heabenly smile too, an' look jes' er happy er ef dey'd done did sunnyn won'te. But Miss 'Onise she'd.

jes' walk 'round dis place mighty solemn an' like er p'ar o' ghos'. Purty soon ele marse he tuk sick an' ailin' an' didn't do nuffin but sot

on de front gall'ry an' look toward de nort

whar dem boys war. Things jes went 'long kinder slow fer nigh outer foh years. An' one day ole marse he up an' gone fishin' on de' bioh an' der canew hit turned bottom up an' ole marse wuz drown-ded ded. Me an' de

ole marse wuz drown-ded det. Me an' de odder niggers foun' him, an' tuk him up ter de house. Ole miss she done seen us comin' up de big lane an' she jes' gib er screech an' sumpin' in her gib way an' de blood jes come out'n her mouf and she plumped down dead too. Dem boys den come back to Arkinsaw

ter de funer'l. Evybody 'spected ter see dem boys az chillern. But my, myl dem boys done growed up an' bof uv 'em done got mus-staches. Evybody mighty supprised when

old marse's will was done read. He done lef evything ter ole miss an' dar she wuz dead same day. Marse's two chillern gittin' it ail,

an poor Marse Regie he got nuffin. When Miss 'Ouise foun' out dat he got nuffin an'

said ter him: 'Regie, I got ar heap more'n I need; I wish dat you'd take harf uv hit,'

Marse Regie he jes' turned right white, put his arm 'round Miss 'Ouise an' tole her: 'May

marrid. Den wuz er gran' weichin', teastin' an darnein', an' all sorts ob hifalutin' goin's on. But Marse Regie, he warn't dar, an' dar-warn't no sort ob fun fur Mise 'Ouise an' me, fur we wuz de only pussons dat eber thunk ob him durin' dat feastin' time, I reckin. 'Bout croppin' time Miss 'Ouise, she tuk sick, an' I select to die day he is 'died ob er busted.

belieb ter dis day she jes' died ob er busted h'art. She done died, an' now dis poh ole

nigger wuz pow'fle lonesome. Marse John an' Miss Florie wuzn't 'greeable ter one anud-der, an' dey usted ter hab some dreffle fusses.

blooms get pink an' den blood red, Miss Florie, she tuk'n an' got orful thin an' po'hly,

an' she'd come inter de gyarden an' jes' walk up an' down, cryin' amazin'. An' den oncest I heerd her say: 'Oh, Regie, my los' darlin', I done foun' out de mistake; fur I lubbed you.' I wuz

de mistake; fur I lubbed you. I wuz-in de fam'lly room one eb'nin an' Miss Florie wuz kleep on de sofy an' Marse John be wuz-settin' der readin'. An' she mumbbed sump'n in her dream. Marse John, he jes' jumped toward her an' kotched her arm, hiz face jes' az black ez hit could be. He kinder shuk her

an' said 'El' eber I heer you menshun Regi-na-id Stant'n's name agi'n I jes' kill you.' She didn't say nuffin at fust, but she jes' tossed her

head in de a'ar liky she used ter, den she

comp'ny an' went orf wid de Confedr't's An' jes' az soon ez he waz out'n de big gate,

me an' Vinie ter take keer ob Miss Florie an' de crop. Bins an' by, er whole int er Yan-

wuz de capin ob deta! Bress your beart, boss, 'twun Marse Regie. He stayed byar for

chile ag'in. One afternoon I wan out'n de fiel' beinn' de gin house an' I heerd de arfelles' racket an' shootin' an' yellin' up

ter de house I jes' ist go de plow han't an' lef' de mules an' started fur de house ter help Miss Fiorie, but, boss, when I done come up

fur de bigges' woods in dis op'nin. An' bout sundown I come out'n de holler tree whar I

sandown I come out'n de holler tree whar I hed hin fur two pow'fie long hours, an'I went 'long de hioù fence back ter de house. De shoctin' done stopped an' I was comin' niighty fas', too, when I seen Miss Florie in de field kinder stoopin' ober sampin'. I parsed two-er free dead sogers, some ob dem wa'rin' gray close an' oders hiue. I come up ter Miss Florie, an' dar she wur a holdin' poor Marse Berrie's hand on her kness an' er tryin' ter stoe

when dey done hit, she'd jes' smile an' show dem sharp teeth ob hers in er heabenly smile too, an' look jes' ez happy ez ef dey'd done did sunup'n won'the. But Miss 'Ouise, she'd jes' arsk dem in her little saft voice not ter fall out'n de trees an' sieh like. Marse John he always larf at her, Marse Regie he done holler down to her, 'all right, 'Ouisie, we woant,' an' den he smile sweet down ter her. Bime an' by dem chillern growed up. Miss 'Ouise an' Miss Florie dey put on long dresses, an' de boys dey done gone ter school in de norf. Miss 'Ouise she jes' cry her blue eyes purty nigh out'n her head when dem boys gone away, but Miss Florie she acted kinder az ef she didn't keer 't'all. I tell you dis ole place wuz mighty lonesum' arter dose boys gone. Miss 'Ouise she didn't seem ter take no more pleasure 'bout nuffin' an' she used ter come ober ter my cabin ebry day. An' she'd read de letters ter me. Evybody mighty soleann 'bout de house fur a long time den. Miss 'Florie she come ober hyar too an' talk an' talk 'bout' em. An' dem gals jes' walk 'round dis place mighty solemn an' like ar 'kar o' 'der's ' Dent' are on a like ar 'kar o' 'der's ' Dent' are on a like ar 'kar o' 'den's ' Dent' are on a like ar 'kar o' 'den's ' Dent' are no a like ar 'kar o' 'den's ' Dent' are no a like ar 'kar o' 'den's ' Dent' are no a like ar 'kar o' 'den's ' Dent' are no a like ar 'kar o' 'den's ' Dent' are no a like ar 'kar o' 'den's ' Dent' are no a like ar 'kar o' 'den's ' Dent' are no a like ar 'kar o' 'den's ' 'den's ' 'den's 'den' sleep I breathed a fervent prayer, "G merciful to poor, faithful Uncle Dan'l."

### ABOUT CONFECTIONERY

sheep, houses, wagons, boats, rings, squares balls, clocks, watches, knives, forks, spoons, teapots, etc. Like all estable articles, its tively few years, was all made by ha while now its entire preparation, to the m minute details, is the work of machine doing the lighter work and arr

his arm 'round Miss Ouise an'tole her: 'May der Lord bless you, 'Ouise, but I carn't do hit.' An' de tears jes' come out'n bot dere eyes. Marse Regie jes' thunk Miss 'Ouise lubbed him like 'er brudder, but I know'd better'n dat. She jes' wusshupped de groun' he walked on. An' dem boys, bof uv 'em, jos' wusshupped Miss Florie. 'Bout er year arter ole marse's death I wuz settin' on de front gallery er playin' de banjo for Miss 'Ouise, Marse Regie an' Miss Florie wuz settin' at de parlor winder. I hered Marse Regie say he lubbed her, an' arsked her ter marry him. lubbed her, an' arsked her ter marry him. Miss Florie, she up an' said, kinder larfin': What! Marry a poh man! No, Regie, scoop with red bandles, neatly separate drops, chocolate drops, speckled with you make a big mistake. An' you hab broke er honest man's heart.' An' his voice kinder trimbled, an' shuk ez ef sump'n wuz er burtin' him mighty bad. I jes gib one look at Miss 'Ouise, case she'd heerd it, too. She wur ez white ez dat china bole dar. I got up orf'n white ez dat china bole dar. I got up orf'n de steps an' went out dar in de night an' cried jes' like er little baby, 'case I lubbed Marse Regie. An' de nex' day he lef' de house an' went norf ter lib. Miss 'Ouise, she neber let on, but dis nigger knowed dat her beart was broke in two. Not long arter Marse Regie done gone, Marse John and Miss Florie got'n marrid. Den wux er gran' weldin', feastin' etc. In Brooklyn the sum annually expendin small sums by candy eaters amounts t. \$800,000 exclusive of that which may be ex-

> The very finest grades of French confec-tionery, which has a composatively limited sale and for which native workmen are smdrop, and to these might be added the choose late caramel. The gum drop and jujubs paste are of French origin. Individual in-

The manufacture of lonenges, forming a department of itself, is generally confined to individual firms. As many as 200 tops have been sold to various stores in Brooklyn in one week, each box containing ninety-da wintergreen, sussafras, peppermint, cinus-mon, clove, banana, root beer, rose, Scories

Memphis, she tuk'n died an' lef' die boy ter him. He wur de hansomes' chile, his h'ar looked jes' like gold an' his two eyes wur jes' de color of a hand nut arfter de secon' fros'.

Secure Bliy de color of a hand nut arfter de secon' fros'.

Little Marse John Garlan' wur as brown as des gum log. His eyes wur biack an' he had dr pow'de mean way 'bout him. Miss 'Ouise fasser an' fasser. At larst he rab or annu as'

pended for ice creams, jellies, bla-pastry and other delicacies. I placed in regular rotation, would this city to Boston.

frew herse'l down on de flo'h an' jes' monned an' said. 'I wishes ter God you would an' eend my trultiles an' mis'ry.' \* \* Den de wan bruk' outen an' Marse John got er eb'ry one ob de triflin' niggers on dis byar place skidaddied. Dar wax n'body let' but kees come frow here an' tuk up dere quarters at de hig house. An', boss, who you reckin some time an' Miss Florie she brightened up pow'lle an' went 'roun' lookin' ex bright an' purty ex ef she'd done growed ter be er chile ag'in. One afternoon.